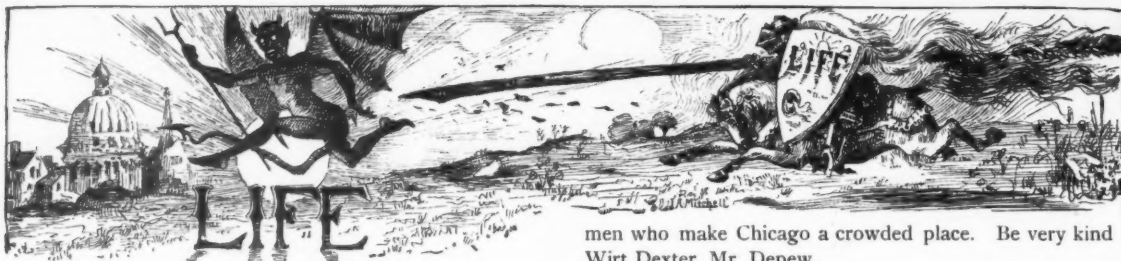


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SEVERE BUT JUST.

Mr. C. Van H. Boon (who was left asleep by his jolly companions, finally awakes and stands up before mirror): WHAT A DISREP'ABLE LOOKING CROWD YOU ARE—I'M GOING HOME.



"While there's Life there's Hope."

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AND so, dear Mr. Depew, unwarned by what happened to Mr. Lowell last year, you have agreed to go out to Chicago and talk to the pork packers on George Washington's birthday!

Sir, you are bold. LIFE is almost as unwilling to advertise your crowding reputation as though you were a patent medicine, or Mr. Howells, or even Mrs. J—— ——— herself; but you compel attention. Look out, sir! That little bronchial hesitation you have developed is a good move. Stick to it! Aristides wearied the Athenians because he was so irrepressibly just. Look out that the Americans do not get tired of you because you are so invariably felicitous. Consider if it would not be a prudent move for you to break down at Chicago, and so bring a touch of variety into your record.

Sir, how have you the assurance to hope that you will succeed in pleasing a fastidious audience that Dr. Lowell so signally failed to satisfy? Where Mr. Lowell fell in the ice was pretty thin; do you think it is stronger now, or do you hope it will hold you up because you are so much lighter than he?

THEY'RE mighty particular out there, Doctor; and only think how much you risk with them. There's Phil Armour; fail to please him, and every beef he ships hereafter may go East over the Pennsylvania line. There's Sir George M. Pullman; handle him the least bit wrong and how many fresh lawyers do you suppose he will hire to defend his patent on the vestibule trains? There's Wirt Dexter; don't imagine you can work off anything but first-class eloquence on him. Wirt has often been to New York, and knows Delmonico's as intimately as he knows Mr. Lowell. He might live here if he chose, but he prefers Chicago. Sir George would give him a whole car to go East in at any time, and Mr. Armour would pay him handsomely to go and settle in Boston, but he won't. He is one of the

men who make Chicago a crowded place. Be very kind to Wirt Dexter, Mr. Depew.

Carter Harrison is out of town, traveling in southeastern Asia, in countries which have no extradition treaties with the United States, and McGarrigle is still away, also; but Colonel Field will be there, and oh, Doctor, have a care of Colonel Field!

THERE'S one thing, sir, that's in your favor. If you should have a thin house and the expenses should exceed the receipts, or if Mr. Dexter or Sir George should come around to your hotel after the performance with a mob to make it hot for you, or if Mr. Armour should pack the hall, or if for any reason you should want to leave town, not so much with ceremony as with unobtrusive speed, you can do it. In any case you will not have to walk home. Your retreat will be open (barring blizzards), and for all practical purposes you own the road. In that respect you have the best outfit of any man who ever lectured before the George Washington Society of Chicago. If Mr. Lowell had had your plant at his disposal last year, never an egg would have reached him.

Tell the driver to keep his water "bilin" and to wait. Tell him you can't tell when you will wish to start. Read him the parable about the wise virgins, and suggest that when you come you want to find him looking out of the cab window, with steam up and his hand on the throttle. You will get home all right, dear sir, if you only take proper precautions.

But if you *should* return in one of Mr. Armour's refrigerator-cars, rest assured that we will all go within as many blocks of your funeral as the aggregation of your employes and intimate associates will suffer us to approach, and that Mayor Hewitt will not only demand epistolary satisfaction of the authorities of Chicago, but will take the contract for himself and Inspector Williams to deliver the Birthday oration in that city next year.

A NEWSPAPER story last week recorded the narrow escape of Dr. Phillips Brooks, of Boston, and Dr. McVickar, of Philadelphia, from being run over by the cars. The story goes that a carriage which they and two other persons occupied was tossed a considerable distance by a locomotive.

LIFE is privately advised of the inherent improbability of the tale. We have seen Dr. Brooks, and, being informed that Dr. McVickar is of almost equal tonnage, we are disposed to concur in the opinion that if a locomotive ran into a carriage occupied by these eminent gentlemen, the result would be—not a carriage catastrophe, but a railroad accident.

DONT
Marry
IN
THE



OUR ADVICE.

MR. EATON AND YALE COLLEGE.

MR. D. CADY EATON, having made serious charges against the undergraduates of Yale in effect that a "greed for gain actuates them in all their dealings with college enterprises," has called forth a series of dignified responses from men better calculated than himself to know whereof they speak.

Our candid opinion is, as it was when we read Mr. Eaton's letter in the *Tribune*, that that gentleman has written himself down a decided Dogberry.

A SOCIAL item in the *Tribune* asserted that Mrs. Blank, of Fifth Avenue, invited twelve friends to dine with her on Tuesday evening, but by some reprehensible oversight, neglects to say whether the friends went or not.

Is it right to leave the public in this maddening suspense?

THE Arion Society is ostensibly devoted to music, Herr Puffendorf, but in reality it is a ball club—and such balls! They would turn your Herr gray in a night!

COULD YOU?

LADY with the shining hair,
Holding all the charms and graces,
Stately, kind, and passing fair,
Could you wash the children's faces?
When the rosy morning bright
Paints with gold each roof and spire,
Banishing the shades of night,
Could you start the kitchen fire?
O'er the fields with thee I wander,
Summer's glory overhead;
Charmed, I all thy virtues ponder,—
But could—ah, could you make good bread?

Eyes so deeply, truly tender,
Clear as water in a pool,
Answer my heart's importuning,—
Have you been to cooking school?

Helen M. Winslow.

PHILADELPHIA may be slower than a lame snail in a molasses jug, but in the matter of throwing humbug moralists out of court, the Quaker City is a marvel of celerity.

IT begins to be quite clear why the strong-minded women of this land are in favor of the divided skirt.

Belva Lockwood could run better next election in a pair of petticoats than in the ordinary skirt of commerce.

A SHORT LESSON.



PREFIX—to put before a thing.



SUFFIX: Latin, *fixum*—to fix on, to add to the end.



PISCES.

WHEN the mercury skips between A and Izzard ;
 When the land is possessed in toto by the blizzard ;
 When the cost of a ton of the anthracite fuel
 Brings the blush to the cheek of a bond or a jewel ;
 When a string of soft coal 'bout the neck of our girls
 Would cost quite as much as a necklace of pearls ;
 When we wear Arctic shoes, well spiked in the heel,
 As over the highways we warily steal ;
 When we strive to retain our perpendicular,
 And contract the sniffles in a cold surface car ;
 When the cigarette vile becomes a cubeb—
 The sensible man is aware it is Feb.

* * *

GOOD for you, Mr. Gerry! LIFE wishes you a happy Valentine's day, and many of them. Keep your eye on Hoffman, senior, and see that the marvelous little musician is allowed his full measure of the happiness and rest of childhood.

* * *



LAYING DOWN THE LAW.

* * *

A NIGHT OF TERROR.

IT was fast approaching midnight.

John Adolphus Wiggins had been detained down town at his office balancing his January accounts.

Through the narrow defile of Wall Street the wind blew fitfully, and ever and anon the big brazen bell in Trinity steeple would clang out the hour.

As the last peal of eleven died away with a low moan in the neighborhood of the Mills building, John Adolphus closed the cover of his ledger, put on his overcoat, turned off the gas and walked out into the night.

Arrived on the street he inwardly shuddered, as the night was dark and the contrast between the Wall Street of midday and of this hour was as the difference between the quick and the dead.

As if to assure himself that he was not of the latter, John Adolphus was by no means slow to reach Broadway, where

he paused, for a moment in the flickering glare of the electric light to ignite his cigarette and throw away the piece of tutti frutti chewing-gum whose society had cheered him in his lonely vigil over his day-book.

Suddenly, even as he stood there, there came a low ominous rumble which seemed at first like some belated stage of the olden time; but to John Adolphus it was evident, upon mature reflection, that it was not a stage, for the stages no longer ran.

"Can it be," quoth he, as the dreadful sound grew fainter and fainter until it was lost in the grassy slopes of Bowling Green—"can it be that we are besieged? Is Joe Chamberlain a farce, and is one of Britain's thunderers even now below the Hook with her dread engines of death belching forth fire and sheet-iron upon our devoted heads?"

The very thought was so appalling to John Adolphus Wiggins that, with a furtive glance toward the starry heavens, he raised his umbrella as if to ward off the cannon-balls.

Again the low rumbling roar was wafted on a Southern breeze—this time less like the booming of guns, John Adolphus thought.

"A cataclysm, vast and awful, has shaken our fair city to its deepest depths," quoth he—and then, with rare presence of mind, he ran hastily across the street and vaulted the iron barriers which keep the gaping crowd from desecrating the sacred resting-place of Trinity's dead.

"If it be a cataclysm," thought he, "I must place myself beyond the reach of the United Bank, Equitable and Mortimer buildings. If any one of those massive piles should fall upon this mortal body, LIFE, however deserving, bright, able and alert, would become extinct. What can this disturbance mean? Is the day of judgment at hand? Can it be possible that the fate of Sodom and Gomorrah has overtaken this city, with Gould not in it? Nay, nay, it cannot be—but hist, there is yon policeman. I'll question him."

And John Adolphus Wiggins, acting upon this resolution, revaulted the iron fence of the churchyard and, assuming a bold front, walked to the protector of the Municipal peace and put the question:

"What is this awful rumbling—this echo of Pompeian havoc—this Vesuvian eruption of sound—this tremulous shakiness of the atmosphere?"

And with a long, low smile, the Member of the Force leaned over to John Adolphus Wiggins and whispered gently in his ear:

"They're giving the 'Götterdämmerung' at the Metropolitan."

And then John Adolphus Wiggins, remembering that it was Friday evening, wondered why he had not thought of that before.

PLUTUS VERSUS CUPID.

SHE was a modern Juliet,
Whom Romeo was wooing;
Though they had less ado to get
Their billing and their cooing.
He didn't scale a garden-wall,
Nor sigh, nor look demented,
Nor vow she was his all-in-all,
And tease till she relented.
I blush for him; it would be so
In any book or story,
And then her pa would tell him "Go!"
Then death—in search of glory.
But not so he. Upon my life,
His point the rascal carried:
"I'm worth a million; be my wife,"
Said he—and now they're married!

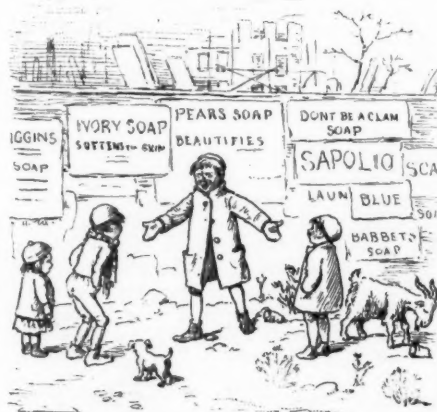
A. E. Hoyt.

A BEAUTIFUL CASE.

PATIENT (*who has met with an accident*): Is it a bad fracture, doctor?
DOCTOR (*a surgical enthusiast*): Bad? Why, it's beautiful, sir, beautiful! The bone is broken in not less than thirteen places!

A GREAT UPRISING.

FELLOW CITIZENS! The time will soon arrive, if it ain't already arrove, when this mad craze for soap which has seized upon the people and is sweepin' the length and breadth of the land, bringin' desolation to our once happy homes, will have to be met by vigorous and determined action.



Fellow citizens! Ef sunthin' of this sort ain't done we shall be washed out of existence, or go about without no skin like a roar beefsteak. Fellow citizens! To be sperimented on by every noo brand of soap robs life of all its charms and makes existence itself unin-doo-ra-bull! I hev spoke.



Chollie: BUT DON'T YOU THINK THEY'RE A LITTLE-ER LOUD, ISAACSENS?
IsaacSENS: LOUT! LOUT! DAT WAS DER BUDY OF DOSE CLODINGS. DEY SHPEAK RIDE OUT FOR DEMSELFES.

THOSE "NICKEL" MACHINES.

BAGLEY: I wonder why this infernal beggar is always waiting on the corner as I come out of the office?
GAGLEY: He wants you to drop a nickel, so you can see him go.

A PRUDENT COAL DEALER.

GAGLEY: By Jove, Skinnem, I can't see why you don't keep your office warmer.
SKINNEM: Can't afford to; coal's too high.
GAGLEY: But it's just the same when coal is cheap.
SKINNEM: Oh, I don't make anything then, and have to economize.

JUDGING from the veracity of recent European news, despatches should be known as "cabal messages," or the mails should be sent by the Canard Line.

DRAMATIC NOTE.

MAGGIE MITCHELL appeared at the Walnut Street Theatre, in Philadelphia, last week. Miss Mitchell is becoming so sensitive that she refused to play at the Chestnut.



HUNTING THE FOX IN AMERICA.



A WORD FOR THE MILLIONAIRE.

THE author of the over-praised "Story of Margaret Kent," and an under-done novel of Philadelphia, called "Sons and Daughters," has been sufficiently encouraged to make a third literary venture—"Queen Money" (Ticknor & Co.). This story is filled with those generalizations about life which women so readily manufacture, not from experience, but from rumor and intuition. These assertions deceive no one, except those who are equally inexperienced. A tolerably well-read man is amused by such a novel very much as he is by the prattle of a bright and pretty girl. He knows it is nonsense—but it is delightful nonsense.

Men are accustomed to go through life bravely deceiving themselves, and often shutting their eyes to truth which reason has clearly revealed, because of a pretty woman. There is a certain chivalry in this for which modern men are not sufficiently praised. The knight of old fearlessly broke his lance to win a woman's smile, but the knight of to-day splinters truth and stifles many an honest conviction out of respect to his lady's whims, which she is pleased to call her "conscience!"

IN this novel, "Queen Money," we are given a woman's idea of the race for wealth in New York. To her, this whole beautiful game is heartless, vulgar, dishonest; the millionaire is a braggart, or a rogue; a fashionable ball is only a bazaar where diamonds and lovely shoulders are displayed, and married women flirt. Of course, all this is an echo of the tone of pulpit and press toward the rich American.

Well, as a rule, the rich American is a very sensible kind of man; that is why he is rich, for he seldom inherits his money. He made his start on the road away from poverty by the exercise of certain simple virtues, such as industry, economy and good-humor. It is not to be denied that when he has once made a fair start he generally

speculates rashly, to the disadvantage of his more ignorant fellow-men, or to his own disadvantage, if the balance of ignorance is on his side. He always takes that chance complacently.

FRANKLY, now, Is not the successful American a fine type of man? Is there not less of the snob about him than among his poor relations? When he really carries out his little scheme to a successful issue he becomes placid, rotund, generous. Hundreds of him, every year, give thousands of dollars for free libraries, etc., in the towns where they were once poor boys. You generally find the rich American looking after the old folks and the boys and girls of his family. He may be a little narrow in his views and a good deal of a Philistine, but he has an honest admiration for culture and art that he thinks *genuine*. Indeed, his admiration for these things is so great that he is frequently taken in, through innocence, by spurious types from over the water.

SO it happens that the tremendous amount of satire which writers are heaping on "millionaires," is a sheer waste of energy. It is inspired by envy rather than by righteousness. While the disappointed "literary man" is debating whether life is worth living, and satirizing his wealthy neighbors, the latter are enjoying life bravely, and helping others along the way. There is more generosity shown about a banker's office in a day than in most newspaper offices during a year. The press is only generous in advice. Nobody ever read of a newspaper office-boy becoming a millionaire, but it is said to be the common thing in brokers' offices.

THERE are a great many things to be set down to the credit of the New York millionaire. He never imagines himself a "literary centre," and talks about "atmosphere," "tone," and "spirit:" when he gives an entertainment he expects his guests to have a good time, and not to talk solemn nonsense; he never asks his wife and children to listen to his own poetry by way of substitute for a good, square meal; and, finally, he is not a common scold! He adds to the sum of human comfort and happiness, Jove bless him!

Droch.



A CONTINUATION OF THE SAME FRIEZE.

NEW BOOKS •

MONA'S CHOICE. By Mrs. Alexander. Leisure Hour Series, No. 211. New York: Henry Holt & Co.

Snatched from the Poor-House. By N. J. Clodfelter. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Bros.

The Death of Roland. An Epic Poem. By John Frederick Rowbotham. London: Trübner & Co.

Looking Backward 2000-1887. By Edward Bellamy. Boston: Ticknor & Co.

Queen Money. By the Author of the "Story of Margaret Kent." Boston: Ticknor & Co.

A Plea for the Training of the Hand. By D. C. Gilman, LL.D. *Manual Training and the Public School.* By H. H. Belfield, Ph.D. Monographs of the Industrial Education Association. Edited by Nicholas Murray Butler, Ph.D. New York: Industrial Education Association.

Memoirs of Fleeming Jenkin. By Robert Louis Stevenson. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

The Adventures of Baron Munchausen. From the best English and German editions. Illustrated. Knickerbocker Nuggets Series. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

Letters, Sentences and Maxims. By Lord Chesterfield, with a Critical Essay by C. A. Saint-Beuve. Knickerbocker Nuggets Series. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

The Second Son. A Novel by M. O. W. Oliphant and T. B. Aldrich. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

A Phyllis of the Sierras and A Drift from Redwood Camp. By Bret Harte. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

Minon. A Tale of Love and Intrigue. By Frederick W. Pearson. New York: The Welles Publishing Co.

The Tobacco Plug and Cigar. By J. C. Wellcome. Yarmouth: J. C. Wellcome.

The Art Review. December. New York: Geo. F. Kelby.

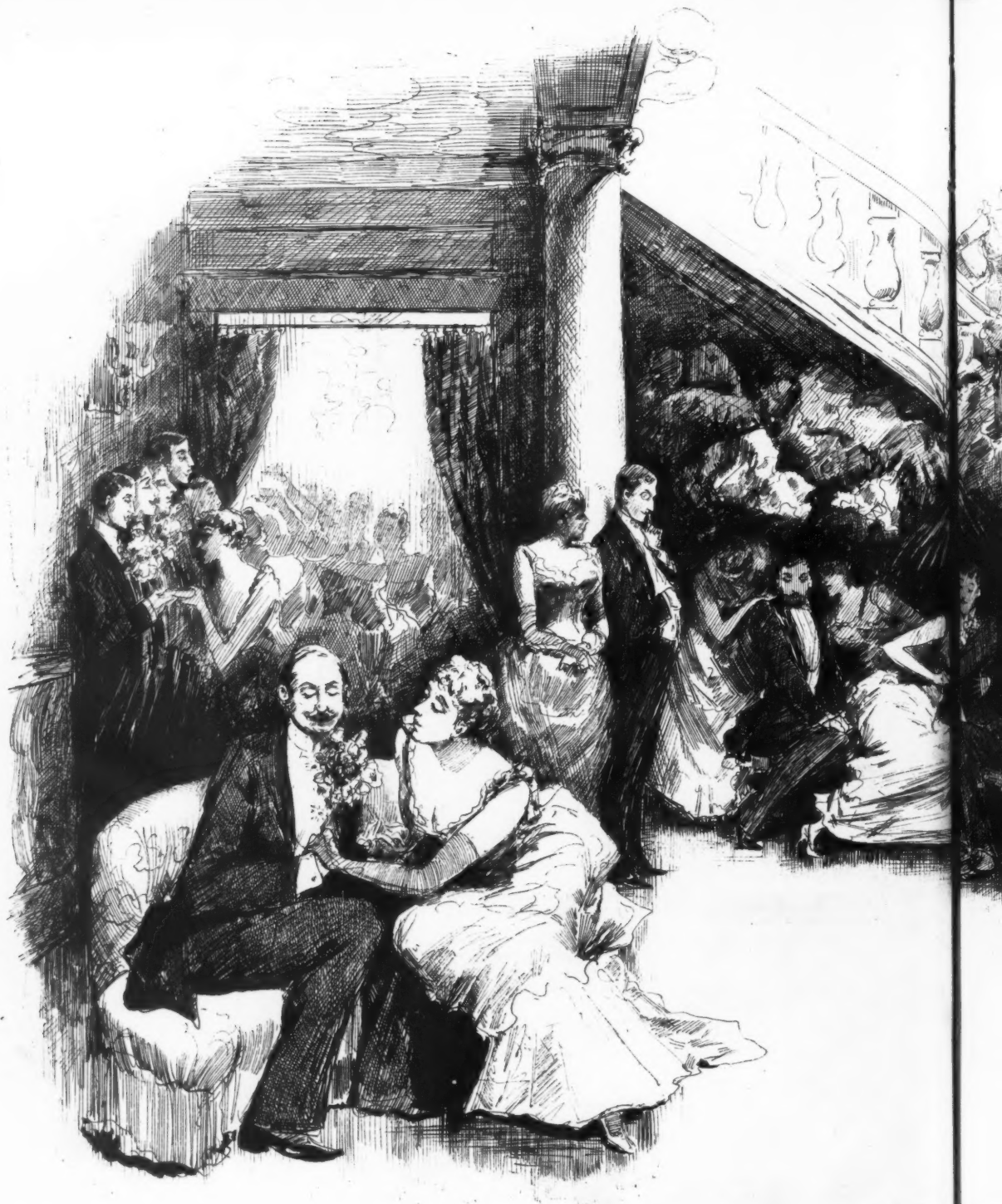


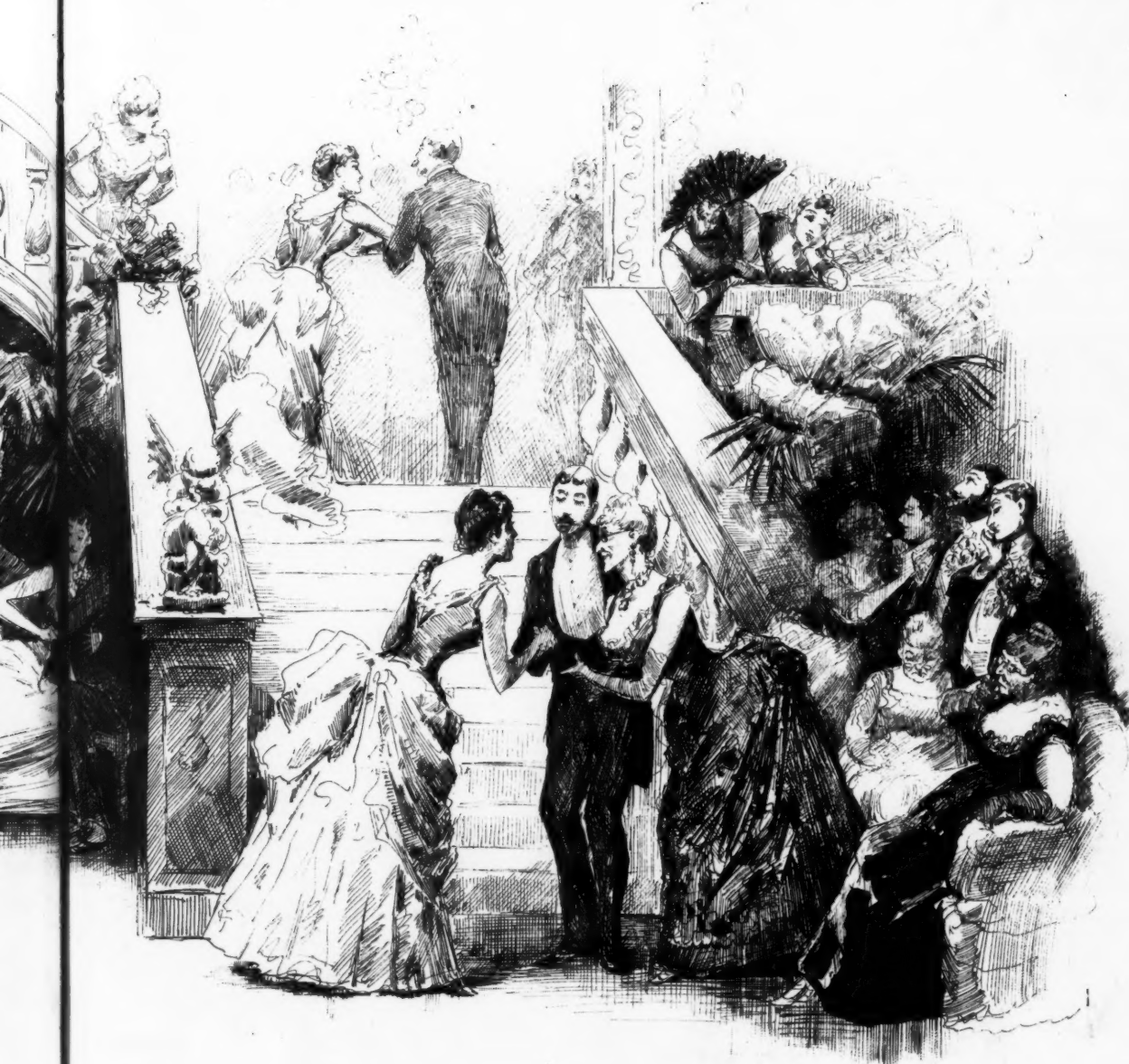
Father: WHAT DO YOU THINK OF A BOY THAT THROWS A BANANA SKIN ON THE SIDEWALK?

Son: I DON'T KNOW. WHAT DO YOU THINK OF A BANANA SKIN THAT THROWS A MAN ON THE SIDEWALK?

UNITY is the name of the Unitarian organ.

Tuneity would be a more appropriate name for an organ, but all religious editors are more or less unreasonable.





Vau /



ANENT "A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAME."



HELLO!

Yes.

I want William Shakespeare.

He's engaged.

I must have him!

You can't! He has just sat down to a little supper with some friends.

I must have him. Tell him it's

LIFE!

[A Pause.]

What ho, there!

Who is it?

Mr. Shakespeare.

Good! I salute you.

Who may you be?

LIFE.

*Ah! 'tis thou, Jovial Friend. What would'st thou?**Tell me, immortal one, were you in New York this night for the grand revival of "A Midsummer Night's Dream?"**Ay, I was there.*

I didn't see you.

Marry! why should you? Would you see a thought after 'tis uttered? Would you put clothing on a memory and have it fill a bench in the Play House?

I suppose not. But what did you think of it?

Out on thee, man! I wrote it myself. Methinks thy wit hath a dull edge this morning.

I mean the presentation of it.

Marvelous. The sailing of the barge of Theseus back to Athens is a fine exploit; a thing of exquisite beauty. The play itself is fairly good—

I should smile.

At what?

Excuse me. I used a slang expression. You were saying?

That the play hath merit, but is less suited to these finished actors than certain other of my works. Rare Daly! He hath a wide ambition, and, what most avails him, the wit to bring about his ends.

I shall tell him what you say.

Then add more to 't. Tell him the play hath never been so fairly shown. Convey to him my warmest thanks, for 'twas a kindly act to bring it forth with such a pomp and color, and never lose withal the scholar's finer sense.

Was the wording of the play to suit you?

'Twas fair. A surfeit of purity, perchance.

A surfeit of purity?

The piece was written in a rougher age, for healthier stomachs. These things of mine are pruned and purified to flow like syrup down the throats of maids. Times are changed. When the umbrella usurps the sword, 'tis fit that poets pipe in gentler key.

Methinks I feel a sting in your words.

What boots it? When veins run water there is— 'Tis well. I come.

What?

Excuse me. I was interrupted. I must away, dear friend; the supper waits.

Stay a moment. Did not the actors suit you?

Those players do all things well. More finished artists of nicer judgment and subtler comprehension are not among you. But Arab steeds can haul a circus cart no better than brutes of coarser stuff.

You mean such actors are wasted on such a play?

*Something of that color.**You are modest. And yet I will confess there are scarce a dozen playwrights in this town whose fame is greater than your own. Of course I do not speak of Boston. There are among us certain ones who think this play shows greater talent even than our own productions. The play is certainly a good one.**Yes, for reading. But the times and it have pulled apart. It fits, but ill the fancies of your actors. But I must off. My friends are clamorous.*

Well, good-bye!

Good-bye!



MME. MODJESKA is with us again, with a well chosen company of artists and an attractive selection of plays from her repertoire. "Camille," "As You Like It," "Dona Diana" and "Cymbeline" were the attractions last week, which was a red-letter week in the annals of Shakespearean revival. It is not often that the theatre-going public are offered an opportunity of choosing between three of Shakespeare's most charming efforts; and that Madame Modjeska and Mr. Daly have seen fit to produce "Cymbeline," "As You Like It," and "A

Midsummer Night's Dream," shows that the intelligence of the public is not underrated by them, at least.

Modjeska's popularity is assuredly attested by her ability to draw a house full of intellectual people in so unpleasant and threadbare a drama as "Camille." We are distinctly tired of this depressing exhibition of weak-kneed virtue and heart-rending suffering, and frequently indulge the hope, after seeing *Camille* die, that she will stay dead through all eternity. It is time *Camille* was buried, and yet the indescribable charm of the talented actress at the Fourteenth Street Theatre cannot but inspire the audience with sufficient sympathy for the unfortunate *Camille* to hope that this one, at least, will rise again from the dead and go into better business—such as may be found in "The Chouans" and in *Rosalind's* top-boots.

HE WASN'T GOING FEAGHER.

AT five-thirty old Mrs. Meagher, Got into the M. E. Eagher, Eagher. One of Wall Street's élite, Rose and gave her his site, Which she took with a grateful teagher-teagher.

M. N., Jr.

JOSEPH CHAMBERLAIN cannot waltz, says an exchange.

That settles it. Joseph is not the man to settle the fishery dispute.

"REID the *Anser* in the stars," is a new version of the popular song as applied to the editor of the *Tribune* in his tall tower.

A STREET railroad in the Argentine Republic runs sleeping-cars over its route.

The idea, it is believed, originated in Philadelphia.

THE more heated the discussion between friends the cooler their subsequent relations.



Marjorie: WOULD YOU LIKE TO SEE MY NEW DOLL, MR. GOODFORM?

Mr. G.: CERTAINLY, I WOULD.

Marjorie (reflectively): I'M AFRAID BOBBY WILL TAKE MY PLACE. SISTER, WILL YOU COME AND KEEP THIS PLACE FOR ME WHILE I AM GONE.

A GOLDEN OPPORTUNITY AND HOW IT WAS SEIZED.



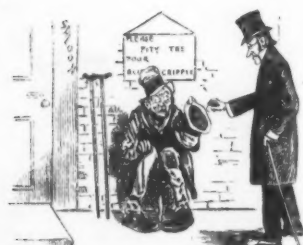
An object of charity.



"Hello, Diogenes! How's biz? Let's go in and have something!"



"Ha, ha! Shall I let such a chance glide through my hands? No!"



"Ah, poor fellow, doubly afflicted, too. Here's a quarter for you?"



SKILFULLY EVADED.

She (single, of course): EVEN THE BIRDS SEEM TO BE HAPPIER RUNNING IN COUPLES!

He (a bachelor, suddenly remembering it is leap year): YES, MISS, BUT THEY ARE GEESE, AND KNOW NO BETTER.

POLITICAL.

THE sole objection we can see to the elevation of Chauncey Depew from a Railroad Station to Public Station is the conspicuous failure of that other post-prandial orator, William Maxwell Evarts, as a public servant.

As a dinner speaker, Mr. Evarts used to be a round peg in a round hole. As a Senator, he is a square cork in a round bottle, and wobbles at that.

CAN it be that the *Tribune* is about to flop and support Cleveland? Its issue of January 31st contains this editorial paragraph:

"Cleveland's boom may be bigger than Hill's, but it has to carry more weight."

As a tribute to Governor Hill's lightness this is superb.

SPORT AFTER LABOR.

[Grocery Store—Hard-faced Grocer and poor Chore-boy.]

GRINDER: I suppose you feel pretty tired, Tommy, after putting in the coal?

TOMMY: Yes, sir.

GRINDER: Well, if you want to have a little fun now, you can shovel the snow off the sidewalk.



"I guess it's time for me to resign my position of trust."



Innocence and joy. Twenty-five cents in five minutes!



AT THE POLICE COURT.

JUDGE: You were caught in the act of taking a valuable fur out of a shop window. This has occurred several times before now. Do you admit having committed these robberies?

PRISONER: Well, your Honor, you see I have had an influenza for the last few days, and my doctor recommended me to take something warm every morning—*Le Grelot*.

"HAVE you seen papa's new dog, Carlo?" she asked as they sat in the parlor.

"Yes," he replied uneasily, "I have had the pleasure of meeting the dog."

"Isn't he splendid? He is so affectionate."

"I noticed he was very demonstrative," returned he, as he moved uneasily in his chair.

"He is very playful, too. I never saw a more playful animal in all my life."

"I am glad to hear you say that."

"Why?"

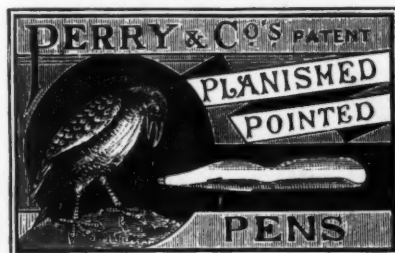
"Because I was a little bit afraid that when he bit that piece out of me the other evening he was in earnest. But if he was only in play, of course, it's all right. I can take fun as well as anybody."—*Singapore Review*.

It is said that Miss Susan B. Anthony has never forgiven her brother Marc for his infatuation with Cleopatra.—*Ex*.

J. WHITCOMB RILEY is reported by the *Omaha World* to have given the following points in his past life to a Western Editor: You ask me for my life, but I'd rather give you my money. I am a blonde of fair complexion, with an almost ungovernable appetite for brunettes, am five feet six in height, though last state fair I was considerably higher than that—in fact I was many times taken for Old High Lonesome as I went about my daily walk. I am a house, sign and ornamental painter by trade—graining, marking, gilding, etching, etc., etc. Used to make lots of money, but never had any on hand. It all evaporated in some mysterious way. My standard weight is one hundred and thirty-five, and when I am placed in solitary confinement for life I will eat onions passionately. Bird-seed I never touch.

IN 1849 Mrs. Grote went to see Louis Napoleon in Paris. He was rather cool in his reception of her, owing to some former misunderstanding, and only asked her, "Do you stay long in Paris?"—a reception by which, however, she was not disconcerted, as she calmly answered him: "No; do you?" Another odd anecdote one is told of Sheridan Knowles: Knowles wanted a certain book and could not get it. A friend advised him to try a circulating library. This advice Knowles took to the extent of paying a three months subscription at a library of which the proprietors were Saunders & Ottley, and then went into the country, where he staid three months without drawing a book. Returning to town he called for the book, and was informed that his subscription had expired. At this he was very furious. He had paid a guinea, he said, and had nothing to show for the outlay. Referred by the clerk to one of the proprietors, he denounced the affair as "a confounded swindle." The proprietor then asked him if he intended to be personal. "No," replied Knowles: "on the contrary, if you are Saunders, d—n Ottley, and if you are Ottley, d—n Saunders."—*Personal Reminiscences of Sir Frederick Pollock*.

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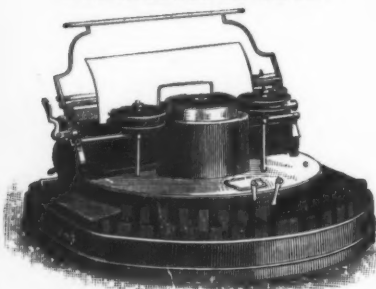


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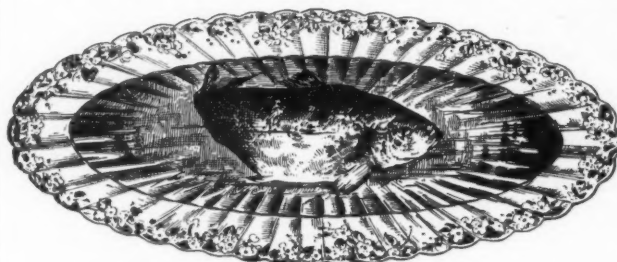
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Over 20 Pounds Gain in Ten Weeks. Experience of a Prominent Citizen.

THE CALIFORNIA SOCIETY FOR THE SUPPRESSION OF VICE. SAN FRANCISCO, July 7th, 1886.

I took a severe cold upon my chest and lungs and did not give it proper attention; it developed into bronchitis, and in the fall of the same year I was threatened with consumption. Physicians ordered me to a more congenial climate, and I came to San Francisco. Soon after my arrival I commenced taking Scott's Emulsion of Cod Liver Oil with Hypophosphites regularly three times a day. In ten weeks my avoirdupois went from 155 to 180 pounds and over; the cough meantime ceased. C. R. BENNETT.

SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

"At the piano again, Charley, I see," said his pretty cousin as she entered the room.

"Ya-as, Maude," responded Charley, "I've been playing for an hour or more, merely to kill time, y'know."

"For an hour or more! Why, Charley, time must be dead by now."—Ex.

THE pretty maiden fell overboard, and her lover leaned over the side of the boat as she rose to the surface, and said: "Give me your hand." "Please ask papa," she said as she sank for the second time.

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FAILING FINANCIERS.

Wall Street Leaders Go Down One by One—What Causes their Fall.

Bank Presidents say that 75 per cent. of the men who go into business, fail.

The percentage is much larger among financial operators. Ninety-nine out of a hundred of the "Napoleons of Finance" of Wall Street end their careers in failure.

John Tobin, once President of the Hudson River Railroad, and worth \$2,000,000, is now a \$5 bucket-shop operator. He gambled, lost money to John Morrissey, refused to pay, was reported to old Commodore Vanderbilt, and turned out of his Presidency.

Henry Smith was a noted operator in Wall Street, for a time very successful, and accumulated a fortune of over \$5,000,000. He fought Jay Gould in numerous speculations, and once said, "I'll make Jay Gould earn his living with a hand-organ and monkey." When he failed for \$5,000,000, Gould quietly remarked: "He might now try the hand-organ himself."

John Pondir was once famous as the homeliest, but one of the most successful men of Wall Street. He was worth \$1,000,000, but has at last joined the long procession of "the busted."

These men are said to lose their heads. They first lose, in the grinding processes of speculation, their physical stamina. Mental feebleness naturally follows. With physical weakness also comes lack of nerve. A clear head and nerve are essential requisites to Wall Street success; with the primary organs out of gear, neither can be retained.

Derangement of the kidneys is a common result of mental overwork. When they fail to carry off the waste matter of the system, uric acid, that deadly poison, accumulates, and sneaks through all the blood channels. The whole system becomes a sort of cess-pool, and every function is impaired. Unless help is found, the "general break-up" soon follows.

Mr. E. Evans, President of the Lumber Exchange Bank, of Tonawanda, N. Y., broke down in 1883, and ran down in weight from 186 pounds to 126 pounds. He rallied somewhat, but afterward became very low, with terrible pain in the kidneys. Physicians could not help him, but he finally procured Warner's safe cure, and he writes: "I was relieved of pain within twenty minutes after I had taken the first dose. I began to improve rapidly, and am still improving and gaining in strength and weight."

If the young "Napoleons of Finance" would "call" for fewer cocktails, "put" an occasional dollar into Warner's safe cure, and keep their kidneys "at par," they would retain a longer grip on Wall Street.

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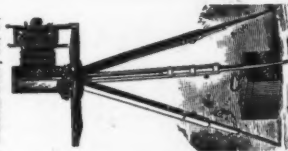
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